



# Sick



👁 26 ✓ 2 ★ 3

## Chapter 1 by Story Wars

I feel ill, dead inside.  
To why am I still living?  
I don't know.

I could end it here,  
right now.  
But what is the fun in that?

Nah, not today.  
Maybe tomorrow?  
Not tomorrow.  
What about the day after tomorrow?  
Nah, Not just yet.

'What is it?'  
'What's wrong?'  
Oh wait why ask that aloud?

There's no one even around.

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To why am I still living?  
I don't know.

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## Chapter 2 by A-TypeWriter



I am drained, emotions slip right past me.

I hear their questions, but I'm not answering. They all have a lack of care and a lack of wanting to take action.

Silently I walk, although the volume does not matter. No one notices me.

'How are you?'

'I'm good.'

Such an easy lie, no further questions.

I'm ill, sick, dying and no one knows but me and now I still can't tell.

Because they all stopped asking.

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